

All three of you, to be thus much ore shot?  
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did see:  
But I a Beame doe finde in each of three.  
O what a Scene of fool'ry haue I seene.  
Of sighes, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene:  
O me, with what strict patience haue I sat,  
To see a King transformed to a Gnat?  
To see great Hercules whipping a Gigge,  
And profound Salomon tuning a Lygge?  
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boyes,  
And Crittike Tymon laugh at idle toyes.  
Where lies thy griefe? O tell me good Dumaine;  
And gentle Longanill, where lies thy paine?  
And where my Liedges? all about the brest:  
A Candle hoa!

*Kim.* Too bitter is thy iest.  
Are wee betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?  
*Ber.* Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.  
I that am honest, I that hold it sinne  
To breake the vow I am ingaged in.  
I am betrayed by keeping company  
With men, like men of inconstancie.  
When shall you see me write a thing in rime?  
Or grone for *Isane*? or spend a minutes time,  
In pruning mee, when shall you heare that I will praise a  
hand, a foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a state, a brow, a brest,  
a waste, a legge, a limme.

*Kim.* Soft, Whither a-way so fast?  
A true man, or a theefe, that gallops so.  
*Ber.* I post from Loue, good Louer let me go.

*Enter Jaquenetta and Clowne.*

*Iagu.* God blesse the King.  
*Kim.* What Present hast thou there?  
*Clo.* Some certaine treason.  
*Kim.* What makes treason heere?  
*Clo.* Nay it makes nothing sir.  
*Kim.* If it marre nothing neither,  
The treason and you goe in peace away together.  
*Iagu.* I beseech your Grace let this Letter be read,  
Our person mis-doubts it: it was treason he said.  
*Kim.* *Berowne*, read it ouer. *He reads the Letter.*  
*Iagu.* Of *Costard*.  
*Kim.* Where hadst thou it?  
*Clo.* Of *Dum* *Adramadio*, *Dum* *Adramadio*.  
*Kim.* How now, what is in you? why dost thou tear it?  
*Ber.* A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needes not  
fear it.

*Long.* It did moue him to passion, and therefore let's  
heare it.

*Dum.* It is *Berowne's* writing, and heere is his name.  
*Ber.* Ah you wherefore loggerhead, you were borne  
to doe me shame.  
Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confesse, I confesse.

*Kim.* What?  
*Ber.* That you three fooles, lackt mee foole, to make  
vp the messe.

He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I,  
Are picke-purses in Loue, and we deserue to die.  
O dismissthis audience, and I shall tell you more.

*Dum.* Now the number is euen.  
*Berowne.* True true, we are fowre: will these Turtles  
be gone?

*Kim.* Hence firs, away.  
*Clo.* Walk aside the true folke, & let the traytors stay.

*Ber.* Sweet Lords, sweet Louers, O let vs embrace,  
As true we are as flesh and bloud can be,  
The Sea will ebbe and flow, heauen will shew his face:  
Young bloud doth not obey an old decree.  
We cannot crosse the cause why we are borne:  
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworne.

*King.* What, did these rent lines shew some loue of  
thine?  
*Ber.* Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly  
Thar (like a rude and sauage man of *Inde*.)  
At the first opening of the gorgeous East,  
Bowes not his vassall head, and strooken blinde,  
Kisses the base ground with obedient brest?  
What peremptory Eagle-sighted eye  
Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,  
That is not blinded by her maiestie?

*Kim.* What zeale, what furie, bath inspir'd thee now?  
My Loue (her Mistres) is a gracious Moone,  
Shee (an attending Starre) scarce seene a light.  
*Ber.* My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne*.  
O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,  
Of all complexions the cul'd foueraignty,  
Doe meet as at a faire in her faire cheeke,  
Where feuerall Worthies make one dignity,  
Where nothing wants, that want it selfe doth seeke.  
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,  
Fie painted Rethoricke, O shee needs it not,  
To things of sale, a sellers praise belongs:  
Shee passes prayle, then prayle too short doth blot.  
A withered Hermite, fluefcore winters worne,  
Might shake off fiftie, looking in her eye:  
Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new borne,  
And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.  
O 'tis the Sunne that maketh all things shine.

*King.* By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.  
*Berowne.* Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine?  
A wife of such wood were felicitie.  
O who can giue an oth? Where is a booke?  
That I may sweare Beauty doth beauty lacke,  
If that she learne not of her eye to looke:  
No face is faire that is not full so blacke.  
*Kim.* O paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell,  
The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:  
And beauties cresset becomes the heauens well.  
*Ber.* Diuels sooneft tempt resembling spirits of light.  
O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,  
It mournes, that painting vsurping haire  
Should rauish doters with a false aspect:  
And therefore is she borne to make blacke, faire.  
Her fauour turnes the fashion of the dayes,  
For natue bloud is counted painting now:  
And therefore red that would auoyd dispraise,  
Paints it selfe blacke, to imitate her brow.

*Dum.* To look like her are Chimny-sweepers blacke.  
*Long.* And since her time, are Colliers counted bright.  
*King.* And *Ethiops* of their sweet complexion crake.  
*Dum.* Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.  
*Ber.* Your mistresses dare neuer come in raine,  
For feare their colours should be washt away.

*Kim.* 'Twere good yours did: for fir to tell you plaine,  
He finde a fairer face nor washt to day.

*Ber.* He proue her faire, or talke till dooms-day here.  
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*Ber.* O if the streets were paved with thine eyes,  
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Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.  
*Dum.* O vile, then as she goes what vpward lyes?  
The street should see as she walk'd ouer head.

*Kim.* But what of this, are we not all in loue?  
*Ber.* O nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworne.  
*Kim.* Then leaue this chat, & good *Berowne* now proue  
Our louing lawfull, and our sayth not torne.

*Dum.* I marie there, some flattery for this euill.  
*Long.* O some authority how to proceed,  
Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the diuell.

*Dum.* Some salue for petiurie.  
*Ber.* O 'tis more then neede.

Haue at you then affection's men at armes,  
Consider what you first did sweare vnto:  
To fast, to studie, and to see no woman:  
Flat treason against the Kingly state of youth.

Say, Can you fast? your stomachs are too young?  
And abstinence ingenders maladies.  
And where that you haue vow'd to studie (Lords)  
In that each of you haue forsworne his Booke.

Can you still dreame and pore, and thereon looke?  
For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,  
Haue found the ground of studies excellence,  
Without the beauty of a womans face;

From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue;  
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadems,  
From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* fire.  
Why, vniuersall plodding poysons vp

The nimble spirits in the arteries,  
As motion and long during action tyres  
The sinnowy vigour of the trauailer.  
Now for not looking on a womans face,

You haue in that forsworne the vse of eyes:  
And studie too, the causer of your vow.  
For where is any Author in the world,  
Teaches such beauty as a womans eye:

Learning is but an adiunct to our selfe,  
And where we are, our Learning like wife is:  
Then when our felues we see in Ladies eyes,  
With our felues.

Doe we not likewise see our learning there?  
O we haue made a Vow to studie, Lords,  
And in that vow we haue forsworne our Bookes:  
For when would you (my Lege) or you, or you?

In leaden contemplation haue found out  
Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,  
Of beauties tutors haue enrich'd you with:  
Other slow Arts intirely keepe the braine:

And therefore finding barraine practizers, inuoluntarily  
Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toyle.  
But Loue first learned in a Ladies eyes,  
Lives not alone emured in the braine:

But with the motion of all elements,  
Courses as swift as thought in every power,  
And giues to every power a double power,  
About their functions and their offices.

It adds a precious seeing to the eye:  
A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde,  
A Louers eare will heare the lowest found,  
When the suspicious head of theft is stop't.

Loues feeling is more soft and sensible,  
Then are the tender horns of Cockled Snayles.  
Loues tongue proues dainty, *Bachus* grosse in taste;  
For Valour, is not Loue a *Hercules* in chace?

Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides*,  
Subtile as *Sphinx*, as sweet and musically,  
As *Orpheus* in his song.

As bright *Apollo's* Lute, strum  
And when Loue speaks, the  
Make heauen drowisie with  
Neuer durst Poet touch a pe  
Vntill his lute were temper  
O then his lines would rai  
And plant in Tyrants milde  
From womens eyes this doe  
They sparele still the right p  
They are the Bookes, the Au  
That shew, containe, and no  
Else none at all in ought pro  
Then foolles you were these  
Or keeping what is sworne,  
For Wisedomes sake, a wor  
Or for Loues sake, a word th  
Or for Mens sake, the author  
Or Womens sake, by whom  
Let's once loose our oathes t  
Or else we loose our felues,  
It is religion to be thus for  
For Charity it selfe fulfill  
And who can seuer loue from

*Kim.* Saint *Cupid* then, an  
*Ber.* Advance your stand  
Pell, mell, downe with them  
In confist that you get the S  
*Long.* Now to plaine dea  
Shall we resolute to woe the  
*Kim.* And winne them to  
Some entertainment for the  
*Ber.* First from the Park  
Then homeward every man  
Of his faire Mistresse, in the  
We will with some strange  
Such as the shortness of the  
For Reuels, Dances, Maskes,  
Fore-runne faire Loue, stre  
*Kim.* A way, away, no tim  
That will be time, and may b  
*Ber.* Alone, alone fowed  
And Iustice alwaies whirles  
Light Wenches may proue p  
If so, our Copper buyes no b

*Enter the Pedant, Curat, and Pedant.*  
*Pedant.* *Satis quid sufficit.*  
*Curat.* I praise God for ye  
haue beene sharpe & sentent  
rillity, wirty without affecti  
pudency, learned without op  
heresie: I did conuerse this q  
tion of the Kings, who is int  
*Don Adriano de Armado.*

*Ped.* *Noni hominum tanqu*  
his discourse peitemptorie:  
ambitious, his gane maiestie  
our vaine, ridiculous, and thr  
too spruce, too affected, too  
grinat, as I may call it.